

The open fire, luxuriant plants in the generous window garden, a huge Canton jar of poudpouri, low tables and baskets for unending needlework and books, books everywhere.

"People think that the loss of a mother falls heaviest on children," said Miss Jarvis gently, "but, really, it is only the grown daughters and sons who understand.

"This Mothers' Day movement—making the second Sunday in May sacred to mother—had nothing behind it but my belief in men and women as sons and daughters. Eventually it will create an all-nations brotherhood that will stand for the protection of the mother and child—the unmarried mother, the mother who works, the mother who is widowed—for, indeed, the preservation of the home itself!

"The white carnation was chosen as the memory flower because it grows everywhere and its whiteness symbolizes the purity of a mother's love, its endurance, her fidelity.

"Through all ages and all countries the world is indebted to motherhood, for mother love is as old as the world and as young as the youngest born. It is the greatest force for good on this earth. Even a bad father's influence is so discounted by a good mother's that, nine times in ten, the children come out all right. And most people had good mothers—indeed, most of us had the best mother who ever lived!

"I contend that Mothers' Day should be the greatest of all holidays because you cannot perpetuate anything without mothers."

Very tenderly, as one who touches sacred things, the "mother of Mothers' Day" brought from her desk packet after packet of letters.

"They come in hundreds," she explained.

"Here is one from a convict in Honolulu, where they celebrate Mothers' Day in the prison. He says that the memory service inspired him to write to the mother he had for-

gotten for eighteen years. This is from Kentucky where a girl about to be married asked me to decorate her mother's grave with white carnations on her wedding day.

"Mothers whose grown children have become careless, mothers whose hearts broke slowly, waiting for the word that did not come, have written me messages of blessing for Mothers' Day.

"Read this, if you can. It came from a woman in Wyoming whose only son, a lad at college, wrote home every week. On the night of last Mother's Sunday—there have only been seven so far, you know—he wrote his mother a love letter. Next day he went boating—and did not return. The letter followed the telegram to that stricken house—a word of comfort and affection from beyond the grave.

"The official recognition of Mothers' Day has been wide and satisfying. Forty state governors have become honorary vice presidents of the association, half of them having issued Mothers' Day proclamations. Colonel Roosevelt, ex-President Taft and President Wilson have written that they considered it an honor to serve on the advisory board. And wherever men have been concerned the co-operation has been chivalrous.

"Comrades," wrote the G. A. R. commander-in-chief to his soldiers, 'the boys of '61 owe their inspiration as defenders of their country to their mothers. On "Her Sunday" we will march to church with the white badge of memory in our lapels, carrying the nation's flag.'

"Our association should have the largest membership in the world, for every one is a son or daughter of the best mother who ever lived, the mother of YOUR heart."

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Brown—The facial features plainly indicate character and disposition. In selecting your wife, were you governed by her chin? Jones—No, but I have been ever since we married.